Religious Miscellany.

LUTHER'S REFORMATION HYMN.

" Ein feste Burg." A stronghold firm, a trusty shield, When raging foos appall us, Our God defense and help doth yield, When heavy ills befull us. With ancient bitter hate, Such might and cunning great, As guides no earthly arm, Pictring us deadly harm, Our foe attempts to enthrall us.

Our human strength avails us naught. Our struggles soon were suded, And we in b-liksh snares were caught, Unless by God bafriended. Know ye our champion's name? All beaven tel s his fame, "Jesus, the Lord of Hosts." His might our weakness boasts; By him are we defended.

What though in every path of life A host of flends endeavor To wound us in the deadly strife? Their arts shall triumph never. The author of all til May threaten as he will; His throne and empire proud, But for a time allowed. A word shall end forever.

God's testimony standeth sure, He makes the weakest saint endure, Who in his grace confideth.

Though the best gifts of life Our fees seize in the strife, We, cheerful, let them go; No profit have they so; For heaven ours abideth.

Wanted .-- Serpent Wisdom.

A minister, commenting on the words of Scripture. "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves," exhorted his hearers to "obey the injunction: only mingle the ingredients in the right proportion-an ounce of serpent and a pound of dove." That comment was a great mistake; a hundred pounds of each is never too much, the dove to serve lovingly, the serpent to serve wisely.

Evil is wrought by want of thought As well as want of heart."

For the smooth and successful working of life's intricate machinery, tact is demanded among all classes, and in every possible situation. It is the oil which abates friction, the lever which aids lifting, and the balance-wheel which nicely steadies all motion, so that the jar and the roughness of life are scarcely per-ceived. Thoughtfuluess and gentle tact not only invest their possessor with a pe-culiar quality of usefulness, but they make him most companionable and agreeable, and they can scatter a world of gladness and sweet ministries. Both classes meet us at every turn; those who have the faculty of always saying just the right word, at the right time, and in the right way, and those who touch the wrong theme, at the wrong time, and with altogether the wrong manner. These latter are not one whit less honest or sincere or earnest in their intentions; but some way they have not studied human nature, and they often grieve themselves over blunders they cannot understand, which are yet very simple.

How important is tact to the success of business! Have we not instinctively found ourselves avoiding the store which had a surly and unaccommodating clerk in it? And have we not been drawn repeatedly to the place where we had been treated considerately, and through the very kindly tact of the trader we had been forced to carry off something we really did not contemplate purchasing?
"Can I see the lady of the house?" in-

quired a peddler, one day, at the door of "Well, you can if you ain't blind,"

en ipped the woman.

"On! beg your pardon, madam; you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am! What d'yer take m Did yer think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next door neighbor, or one of the farm hands, or the cat, or the icechest ?'

"I didn't know, madam, but you might

be the youngest daughter."

"Oh! did yer? Well, that was nat'ral, too," replied the lady of the house, and she smiled on the peddler, and he sold her goods. There was ability to read human nature at a glance; remarkable business

It is just as essential for usefulness. have witnessed the persuasive power of a good man almost crowned with success in trying to touch a heart, when the inconsiderate onset of a well-meaning deacon completely turned the tide. Some of the best Christiaus are totally devoid of common-sense tactics. When a man is overwhelmed with business it is seldom the right moment to gain his sympathy for some good cause. A man on his way to the dentist's, with a jumping tooth, is in no mood to stop and talk even about Yet we have seen Christians who would feel hurt if either the one or the other of these would not listen patiently to their story. A young man en-tered a stage, in New York, who was full of Christian zeal. An elderly gentleman sat reading a Bible. "This is a chance to scatter seed," thought young Timothy. The old gentleman alighted; so did he. Starting down a street, he overtook him, and with undisguised solicitude he asked him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" He understood it all, and, looking down upon his questioner with a fatherly smile, he answered, as he patted him on the shoulder, "Young man, I have been preaching this Gospel over thirty years; but you meant well, my young friend, you meant well." The young man lost no time in turning the first corner, and realizing that he needed a little more "serpent" to keep his

"dove" company.

Wesley understood it better, as an incident shows. There were a few families of high position among the converte, though he inveighed strongly against worldly show. Dining one day at the house of a nobleman, whose young, beau-tiful, and gay daughter had just been seriously impressed by his preaching; an uncouth curate of his seizing her hand on which she wore a number of rings, as she sat beside him at the table, and holding it up before all the guests, called Wesley's attention to it, and asked him: What do you think of this, sir, for a Methodist hand ?" The girl turned crimson, and expected rebuke; but the aged evangelist showed a tact which Chesterfield might have coveted, as, looking up with a quiet, benevolent smile, he simply said : "The hand is very beautiful." She said nothing, but, appreciating the gentle re-proach in the felicitous compliment, when she appeared in a few hours again in his presence, her hands were devoid of

ornaments.
As an educational power with youth, it

his plain farmer home but little attention had been paid to manners, and the squire noticed that he had a habit of holding his keife and fork, when not in use, bolt upright in each fist beside his plate. This must be reformed, but how? Daniel was very bashful, and the squire knew too much about boy-nature to wound his feelings. So he called aside one of the other students, with whom he was fa-miliar, and told him his dilemma. "Now," said he, "I want you this noon to hold up your kuife and fork as Daniel does. I will speak to you about it, and we will see if a hint is not taken by Daniel."

The boy assented, and did so. The host called his attention to it, courteously begging his pardon for doing so, adding a few kind words on the importance of young men having correct manners in going out into the world. The student thanked him for his advice, and promised reform, and young Daniel's knife and fork were never again seen elevated beside his plate.

Tact is no doubt very largely a gift, but it is also capable of great cultivation. And seeing it has the elements of such varied power, should we not give it the wisest culture? More "serpent" as well as "dove!"—Rev. J. M. M'Nulty in the Christian at Work.

Successful Men. "Successful men" are inclined to take more credit to themselves than they deserve; and to blame themselves less. is true that if a man is an evident failure in life, he will reproach himself, more or less, for his folly or his faults; but, even then, he is quite likely to think that it was his circumstances and surroundings or that it was his unfortunate connections in some way, that kept him from doing better. If, however, a man gets up in the world, or gets on in the world, he is pretty sure to think he deserves most of the credit for his well doing. It is hard for him to realize that he has been helped and lifted at every step, and held back from misdoing, as by main force, and that, at the best, he has not done nearly as well as he ought to have done, or might have done. Yet that is the real state of his case. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" is a question that should come home to every may in every sphere of life. To God, chiefly and primarily, and as from God, his country, and to his fellows, and to all inspiring and encouraging and restraining influences about him, man owes his privileges, his opportunities, and all his lesser and larger successes; and who can say, on looking back upon his past, that he has made the best use possible of these proffered benefits and advantages? This proffered benefits and advantages? This inclination to claim credit for well-doing, and for right-being, too often shows itself in the Christian's estimate of his position and progress, as well as in the spirit and manner of "the man of the world." In a recent sermon on salvation by grace, Mr Moody said in his emphatic way: "It is well that a man can't save himself ; for if a man could only work his own way into heaven, you never would hear the last of it. Why, down here in this world, if a man happens to get a little ahead of his man happens to get a little ahead of his fellows, and scrapes a few thousand dollars together, you'll hear him bragging about his being 'a self-made man,' and telling how he began as a poor boy, and work-d his way up in the world. I've heard so much of this sort of thing, that I'm sick and tired of the whole business; and I'm clid we shar!' have ween heard to the world. and I'm glad we shan't have men bragging through all eternity how they worked their way into heaven." And there is good, solid truth in that homely phrasing. In sober fact, no one of us has much to brag of in his course of life. All of us have missed too many opportunities of doing and getting good, to justify us in boasting over our failure to do worse that we have done. If we had done a great deal better than our present record shows, we should not really have passed the limits of simple duty. Our shortcomings are way this side of those limits. "So likewise ye," said Jesus, "when ye shall have done all those things which are commaded you, say [you should say] We are unprofitable servants [there is no

A Revival of Religion.

profit, no net gain, on the investment in

us]: we have done that [and only that] which [it] was our duty to do." Yet the

real boasters in this world are those who

have fallen far short of doing their sim-

ple duty, or of making as much of them-selves as was possible.—New York Tri-

But what is a revival of religion? It is a condition of intensified spiritual activity, in which God specially blesses men who do their duty, and men—under God's special gracious influence—find it peculiarly easy to do their duty. Heaven seems very near. All good motives take on unusual force. The world appears a mean, poor, husky thing to live for. Sin becomes exceedingly sinful. There is visible beauty in holiness. The Savior is seen to be altogether lovely. The gentle leading of the Holy Spirit is recognized as a practical and abiding force, which can be relied on, and is quick and sensitive in its response to penitent appeals. The soul can trust. The heart can love. Self-denial becomes luxury. The Christian spirit goes forth eagerly toward all men. It will very gladly spend and be spent for them. By consequence—in God's tender willingness, and man's quickened activity—the truth is magnified, and a great number that believe turn unto the Lord; and day by day are added to the company of the church those that are being saved.—The Congregationalist.

IF I can touch a key that in the far off courts of heaven will awaken the joy of saints and angels and of Christ, I shall not have preached in vain. Was there ever a wider mission granted to man? I may not discover a continent, and lay it at my country's feet, or conquer a province, or write a battle hymn that the nations will sing. But if I can so appeal to a human soul, and so point the sinner to the cross that the light from it will arouse him to penitence and prayer, I shall have awakened all the silent bearts of heaven to new songs of joy and praise. -Bishop Hurst.

THE wicked may seek to secure the benefits of prayer without at the same time seeking to be delivered from their sins. In the case of some it is merely the effort to escape from the punishment of their sins, without any confession of sinfulness or the asking of things agree-able to the will of God.

"THE life of Christianity," said Luis eminently important to cultivate tact.

When Daniel Webster was young he was sent to Exeter to prepare for college. He found a home among a number of other students, at "Old Squire Clifted devil can say the first; the true Christian ford's," as he was familiarly called. In

Hew Advertisements.

SCROFULOUS, INHERITED, CONTAGIOUS

IN 1870 Scrofulous Ulcers broke out on my body unto my breast was one mass of corruption. Some of these Ulcers were not less than one and one-half inches in di-meter, the edges rough, regged and seemingly dead, the cavity open to the bone and filled with off-never matter. Everything known to the medical faculty was tiled in vain. Gradualty he bone taser is came discussed, and then the aufforing began to earnest. Bone Ulcers began to take the place of those hitherto on, the surface. I became a more week. For months at a time could not get my hands to my head because of externe correcess.

Could Not Turn in Bed.

Knew not what it was to be an hour even free from pain. Had reason to look upon life list-if as a curse. In the summer of 1889, after ten years' of this wretched existence, I began to use the Curici ha Resketius, and after two cears' persistent use of the un the last Ulcer has healed. The dread disease has ancountred. All over the breast where was once a mass of corruption is now a healthy skin. My weight has increase: from one handred and twenty-three to one hundred and fity-sx pounds, and the good work is still giding on. I feel my self a new man, and all through the Cuticura Remedies, JAMES E, RICHARDSON, Custom House, New Orienns.

Sworn to before United States Commissioner, J. D. CRAWFORD,

To Cleanse the Blood

of Scrofnions. Inherited and Contagious Humors, and thus remove the most reville cause of human suffering, to clear the Skin of Dirigating Blotches, Itching fortures, Humiliating Eruptions and Losthsome Sores caused by Impure or Foisoned Blood, to Furify and B-aulify the Skin, and Restore the Hair so that no trace of disease remain, Curticuta Russ-Lyrer, the new Blood Pur fler, D uretic and Aperical, and Curticuta and Curticuta Soar, the great Skin Cures and Beaulifers, are infailible. They are the only remedies that succeed when physicians and all other means fail.

Great Blood Medicines.

The haif has not been told as to the great curative nowers of the CUTIOTHA REMEDIES. I have paid hundreds of holders for medicines to cure Diseases of the blood and wkin, and never found anything yet to equal he 'UTICUES REMEDIES.

Providence, R. I. CHAS, A. WILLIAMS.

Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50 cents; large boxes, 51. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, 51. D-T D-HIC. UTICURA FARNING FOAT, 15 cents. CUTICURA FARNING FOAT, 15 cents. COMPANY, BOX ON PARTICULAR POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL COMPANY, BOSTON.

COMPLETE TREATMENT, \$1.

A single dose of Sanford's Radical Cure in stantly relieves the most violent Specing or Head Colds, clears the Head as by maxic, stops Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, prevents Ringing Noises in the Head, cures Nervous Hewische, and subdues Chills and Fever. In Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal pas-sages of foul mucus, restores the senses of smell, taste, and hearing when affected, frees the Head, Throat, and

Bronchial Tubes of offensive matter, Sweetens and Purifies the Breath, stops the Cough and arrests the rogress of Catarrh towards Consum One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, all in one pack ge, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure. Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Boston.



German Remedy. TRUTHS FOR THE SICK.

11		· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·
×	Billous Spells, de- pend on SULPHUR BITTERS, it will cure	run down, should use
	you.	\$1,000 will be paid
	slais cured by using SULPHUR BITTERS.	for a case where SUL- PHUR BITTERS WILL not and tor cure. It
	Operatives who are	neveris.
	Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and work- shops; Clerks, who do not procure suf-	blood when you see

SULPHUR BITTER will cure Liver Com plaint. Den't bedis couraged; it will cur General Debility needs a gentle tonic Use SULPHUR BIT Don't be without a will build you up and bottle. Try it; you make you strong and will not regret it. healthy.

Sulphur Bitters.

Bell's One Minute Cure for Toothache kills pain

New, Modern Build,

STATIONARY ENGINES Compact, quick working, economic, with heater, pump, governor, valve, and all fixtures, self-cortained, at following supprecedented prices, viz.:

. \$225 Full stock at our Factory. . \$25 Come and examine. Im-

BOILERS,

All styles, new and secondhand a specialty, while we have at our works the largest stock of general machinery in the hands of any one firm in this country.

AMES Portable Engines

Best Portables built in the United States. First-class is workmanship and material. Over 4600 in constant use. Prices made at customer's station. Send for Catalogue and Prices, stating just what required. S. C. FORSAITH & CO.,
Machinists and General Machine Dealers
Manchester, N. H.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME. . . .

To Consumptives.—Wilbor's Cod Liver Oil and Lime has now been before the public twenty years, and has steadily grown in favor and appreciation. This could not be the case unless the preparation was of high intrinsic value. The commitmetion of the Phosphate of Lime with pure Cod-Liver Oil, as prepared by Dr. Wilbor, has introduced a new phase in the treatment of Consumption and all disseases of the Lungs. It can be taken by the most delicate invalid without creating the diagnating nauses which is such an objection to the Cod-Liver Oil when taken wi hout Lime. It is pracribed by the regular faculty. Sold by the proprietor, A. S. Wilson, Chemist. Boston, and all druggists.

22-26

\$66 a week in your own town. Torms and to outfit free. Address H. Hanner & Co., Portland, Ma-

Mew Advertisements.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On the Chickshominy. Under the date of May 8, 1883, Colonel S. F. TIBBITTS, of Dover, N. H., sends us the following: "While on duty in the army of the Potomac in the swamps of the Chickahominy I contracted a complication of diseases that culminated in spinal trouble, paralysis on one side, and severe diseases of the kidneys and bladder, and great urinal weakness. For a long time I was under the treatment of the best physicians, and tried many of the socalled remedies, but received no permanent benefit. When I was in the drug business in Boston I heard favorable accounts of the efficacy of Hunt's Remedy for diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, and having decided to give it a trial, I purchased some at Wingate's drug store, Dover, N. H., and have received great relief from using it. The severe pains in my back are removed, and I am able to sleep soundly and obtain rest at nightwhich for so long a time I could not do, and the weakness in the urinary organs has been relieved, and I greatly regret that I did not test the great merits of Hunt's Remedy when I was first taken sick, as I am confident it would have saved me from several years of suffering and I am more strongly convinced of this after hearing of the most remarkable cares effected by Hunt's Remedy in a case of Bright's Dis-ease here in our midst in Dover, after the pa-tient had been pronounced incurable by cele-brated physicians."

Mr. Tibbitzs is a retired druggist, formerly located in Boston, and is a thoroughly reliable citizen.—Cor. Ed.

U. S. POSTAL SERVICE.

U. S. POSTAL SERVICE.

H. S. Whitney, assistant postmaster, Putnam, Conn., writes May 3, 1883: "I have used Hunt's Remedy with the best results. I have suffered untold agony for eighteen months with kidney and liver complaint; my water was very bad, at times I actually passed blood. This was followed by general prostration. My business requiring me to be on my feet most of the time made my case worse. I was advised to use Hunt's Remedy by a friend who had been cured by it, and can ruly say that it has benefited me more than all the other medicines I have used. I consider it the best medicine for kidney and liver troubles, and chearfully recommend it to all."

(Continued from last week.) How Watch Cases are Made.

A plate of SOLID GOLD 14 2-10 karats fine is soldered on each side of a plate of hard nickel composition metal, and the three are then passed between polished steel rollers. From this plate the various parts of the cases—backs, centers, bezels, etc. are cut and shaped by dies and formers. The gold is thick enough to admit of all kinds of chasing, engraving, and engineturning. The composition metal gives it needed strength, stiffness and solidity, while the written guarantee of the manufacturers warranting each case to wear twenty years proves that it contains ail the gold that can possibly be needed. This guarantee is given from actual results, as many of these cases have been worn perfectly smooth

by years of use without wearing through Thave used one of your James Boss' Good Watch
Cases for seventeen years. I bought it second-hand
and know of its having been used before I set it,
but do not know how long. It looks good for ten
years longer. Did not suspect it was a filled case
until so informed by a Jeweler a short time since.
I most cheerfully recommend your cases to be all
they are represented to be, and more.

O. McCRANEY, Dep. Cot. Int. Rev. 3d Dis. Inva.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Phila-delphia, Pa., for handsome Hustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made. (To be Continued.)

Did She Die ?

"No!"

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

" How thankful we should be for that med-

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on bed of misery,
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,
"Under the care of the best physicians,
"Under the har disease various names,

"But no relief,
"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shouned for years before using

Father is Getting Well.

it."—THE PARENTS.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A Lapy of Utica, N. Y.

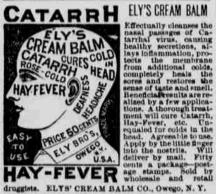
HERE AT LAST. After Long and Weary Waiting Relief is Brought to those who Need It.

"Well, Pat," said an Orange County Physician to

complaining Irish patient some years ago, "for that pain in your chest you had better go home and put on a mustard plaster. I can't think this minute of anything better. And by the way," added the doctor, turning to a friend, "I wish somebody would invent a real good plaster—something actually helpful for such cases as Fat's. Maybe they will sometime, when its too late for me to use it." me to use it."
When BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER

was placed on the market about ten years ago the doctor's hope became a fact. Because of the rare medicinal viruses inherent in it, its rapid action and sure resuits, the Capcine is fast displacing the slow-acting plasters of former days, for all affections to which a plaster is ever a policible. Price 25 cents. In the middle of the genoine is cat the word CAPCINE.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.



ruggists. ELYS' CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

SALEM LEAD COMPANY, **PURE WHITE LEAD!**

LEAD PIPE and SHEET LEAD. All goods warranted to be equal to the best in the market FRANK A. BROWN, Trune. SALEM, MASS.

and paid at your home. 28th year of residence, and loth of trustees. No investor ever had to pay taxes, costs of foryclosure, wait for interest, or take hand. BEST of References all around you. Write if you have money to loan. Address D. S. B. JOHNSTON & SON, MENTIOS THIS PAPE. ST. PAUL. MINN.

100 FANCY ADVERTISING CARDS, all different, with or without advertisements of them post free, for ten 3-cent stamps; 50c, all different \$1; 100 handsome Scrap Book Pictures, 25 cents. Address UNION CARD COMPANY, Montpeller, Vt.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. Couly

The Mireside.

Scated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease. And my fingers wandered idly Over the lvory keys; I know not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of music, Like the sound of a great Ames

It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the close of an Angel's Psalm, And it lay on my fev-red spirit, With a touch of infinite calm It quieted pain and sorrow, Like love overcoming strife; It seemed the harmonious echi From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings, Into one perfect peace, And trembled away into silence, As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which came from the soul of the organ, And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord again; It may be that only in Heaven, I shall hear that grand Amen -Adelaide Proctor

City versus Country.

I have heard good people declaim against the social life of cities as if there

were really something criminal in a fondness for dinner parties, receptions, and balls, and a high degree of virtue in ab-staining from such pleasures by those who could not have them if they would. I have had considerable experience of life in rural towns, and so far as it informs me I am willing to maintain that life in them is no more earnest, dignified with worthy interests and aims, than life in cities, but merely a less busy and a duller thing. The frivolous city girl's day is filled with engagements from morning to night-with shopping, paying and receiving visits, driving in the park, and theatre or ball going in the evening. Her mind is taken up with these things to the exclusion of anything like intellectual occupation—for novel-reading does not come under that head. She is absorbed in pleasure-seeking in all its various kind. The frivolous country girl has more time on her hands, but does she do any better with it? She, too, seeks her pleasures, as many as are to be had, and sighs that there are no more of them. She shops and pays calls, and plays tennis in the afternoon instead of driving on the avenue; wishes there were a dance in the evening, but since there is not, stays at home and does some fancy-work, finishes her novel. or chats with some intimate who "drops in" on her. What real difference in her character is made by the fact that she has had but one party to attend during the week, where the other girl has had six? Is worldiness worse because it is on a larger scale? Is scandal about the last elopement in fashionable society more demoralizing than gossip about one's next door neighbor's son and the attention he is paying to Miss So-and-So? The virtue of minding one's own, business is not more commonly practiced in rural places than in larger ones. I know of city girls who mingle with their pleas-ures an active care for the poor and sick, spending as much thought and time in charitable work as those who, living in country places, have less demand upon their leisure. It is sad to see a man or woman spending life in thoughtless gayety; to me, it is equally sad to see one wasting it in simple, negatively virtuous inanity. I know certain worthy persons, the mere sight of whom is depressing beyond words. The vacancy of their minds opresses me as a suspension in a strain of music distresses the ear; the dullness of their undeveloped sensibilities, the contraction of the mental and spiritual space they are shut up in, affects me were an externa necessity that compelled to this way of existence, the case would be hard enough; but being, as I know it is, the result of choice and habit, and that, again, the outcome of sluggish temperament and minds deprived of proper stimulus, the pity of it is so much the greater. Sometimes such people do suffer from this species of self-starvation, yet without

Old Chickamauga. As we sat, one night in 1875, in the

atty old editorial room of the Toledo

knowing it, or at least without compre-

all persons, whom you will hear speak-

ing in disparagement of "fashionable"

lute nothing of one's life? To be pleased with trifles is at least no crime, but you

would make it a virtue to be pleased with

nothing .- November Atlantic.

Democrat and Herald, of which Steed-man was leader writer and I managing editor, I asked him for the story of Chickamanga, where he won his stars and the soldier title of Old Chickamanga, of which he was so proud. He told it as coolly as if it was a dream to him: Why, my boy, there wasn't much to it. was in charge of the First Division of the Reserve Corps of the Army of the Cumberland, and had been stationed at Ringgold, or Redhouse Bridge over the Chickamauga. My orders were explicit, to hold the bridge at all hazard, and to prevent the enemy from flacking General Thomas. The sound of cannonading and battle to the northward told me that the enemy had massed against our center, and a great battle was on. From the noise of the conflict I judged, and rightly, that General Thomas was sorely pressed. I felt that my command was needed, and yet could not un-derstand the absence of new orders. I waited impatiently enough from daylight until noon, hoping for some word from my commanding officer. Finally I de-cided to risk my neck rather than see the Union army destroyed through inactivity on my part. Calling a council of officers and men, I explained the situation, read my orders, told them my decision, and that on my shoulders should fall whatever of responsibility attached to the discbedience of orders. You know the inex-orable military law is 'to ask no questions, obey all orders, and accept consequences.' I knew that if my movement was a failure, my judgment mistaken, nothing less than court-martial and death awaited me. But the battle was on, and every fiber in me said I was wanted. We burned the bridge and marched by the cannons' sound to Thomas' aid. Through corn fields, thickets, and oak woods made a fearful tramp, for no man in the command knew the country, and our only guide was the cannons' boom. When I reported to Thomas he was in despair at the loss of the key to his position, which had just been captured by General Hindman's rebel corps. The place was indicated to me by a flash of guns and a rattle of canister on the dry leaves of

the trees under which Thomas and I stood. It was a steep ascent, with a densely peopled crescent ridge, that lay before us. There was a forbidding thicket and an oak forest between us and the belt of rocks that marked the edge of a broad plateau on which the en-emy was jubilant with victory. 'There, there,' said Thomas, as the guos flashed again. 'Now, you see their exact posi-tion. You must take that ridge.' My re-ply was: 'I'll do it.' In thirty minutes after we reached the field we were storm-ing the rock of Chicamauga. It was an awful contest up that slope, every foot of which was planted with death. We went in with 7 500 men, and only 4,000 re-ported for muster. We went up, up, up, till we reached the summit and planted ourselves there to stay. It was a terribly hot place, and we made the plateau a lake of blood before we drove Hindman back. I rode back and reported to Thomas. I was bloody from head to foot. He clasped my hand, and said with great emotion: 'General Steedman, you have saved my army.' I got my stars not long afterward, and that's about all there was of it. Yes, it was a big risk I ran; but it was right, and I knew it." As he rode to battle that day he met General Granger, who said feelingly, "Sted, old boy, it's going to be d-d hot in there. If anything should happen, have you any requests to make of me?" The vein of sentiment was running deep in the questioner's heart, but the practical soldier responded in words that have since been memorable: "Yes, General Granger; if I fall in the fight, please see my body decently buried and my name correctly spelled in the newspapers," and he deliberately spelled it.

How Lincoln Got a Room.

In Mrs. Alice D. Shipman's reminiscences of Illinois pioneers, published in the Phrenological Journal, the origin of Lincoln's intimacy with Joshua F. Speed is thus related: "Mr. Speed began his business life as a merchant in Springfield, Ill., where he was settled when Mr. Lincoln came there to open a law office. One day while he was sitting in his store in an interval of leisure, Mr. Lincoln, whose ingrained awkwardness was then aggravated by youth, came up to the counter and accosted him with visible embarrassment. 'I want to know, Speed,' he said, 'the cost of a bedstead and bed,' adding a rough description which indicated the cheapest kind of both. 'What you want,' answered Mr. Speed, "will cost you about \$17.' At this Lincoln's jaw dropped, and a painful expression of sadness and perplexity spread over his countenance. Mr. Speed, noticing the look, and rightly in-terpreting it to signify that the price exceeded Lincoln's means, quickly added : Mr. Lincoln, I have a proposition to make you. My partner has just got married, and his bed in my room up stairs is vacant. If you are willing to occupy it and share my room with me, you are more than welcome. The painful expression instantly vanished from Lincoln's face as, with a few simple words of thanks, he accepted the offer and disappeared. In a short time he reappeared with a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags on his arm, and directed by his new friend, shambled upstairs to the designated room. A minute had scarcely passed before he stumbled down again, and as he reached the shoproom cried out, his face beaming with jocund content, Well, Speed, I've moved.' Henceforward until death, Lincoln and Speed were bosom friends."

An excellent mixture to remove grease spots, from boys' and men's clothing particularly, is made of four parts of alcohol to one part of ammonia and about half as much ether as ammonia. Apply the liquid to the greese spots, and then rub diligently with a sponge and clear water. The chemistry of the operation seems to be that the alcohol and ether dissolve the greese, and the ammonia forms a soap with it which is washed out with the water. The result is much more satisfactory than when something is used which only seems to spread the spot and make it fainter, but does not actually re-move it. If oil is spilled on a carpet and you immediately scatter corn-meal over it, the oil will be absorbed by it. Oil may hension of the true cause of their dull unrest. Perhaps it is just such a one, of also be removed from carpets upon which you do not dare put ether or ammonia by laying thick blotting paper over it and pressing a hot flat-iron on it. Repeat the society. In the name of reason, one ex-claims internally, is it not better at least to enjoy one's self than to make an absooperation several times, using a clean paper each time.

A WRITER recommends the soaking of the wood composing a summer house in crude petroleum, saying it will make any common wood nearly or about as durable as cedar, imparting to it a rich brown color. It would be an excellent idea to apply the same preservative to trellises, etc., on lawns. But the trouble is to get the petroleum. It is not kept for sale in the crude form anywhere, except perhaps in the large cities.

" Aw, can you sell me, aw, a blue necktie, to match my eyes, you know?" in-quired an Austin dude in a gentleman's furnishing store. "Don't know as I can, exactly," replied the salesman, "but I can fit you to a soft hat to match that Then the dude withdrew from the store, a crushed strawberry hue suffusing his effeminate features.

WE shall not so easily bear with silk and gold upon the seat of judgment, nor with the ornament of oratory in the mouth of the messenger; we shall wish that his words may be simple, even when they are sweetest, and the place from which he speaks like a marble rock in the desert, about which the people have gathered in their thirst.—John Ruskin.

CUSTOMER-" How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Dwenty-five cents," re-plied the German grocer. "Why, how's that? Jones sells them at twenty cents." Und vy don't you buy ov Jones, den ?" Because he hasn't any this morning." "Vell, I will sell dem for twenty, too, ven I don't got any."

I PREFER an erroneous honest man to the most orthodox knave in the world; and I would rather convince a man that he has a soul to save, and induce him to live up to that belief, than bring him over to any opinions in whatever else beside.

Archbishop Leighton.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank. On such a night as this, Jimmy, I could crack the whole concern and get away with the boodle." (Shaks-pere adapted to suit moonlight capitalist.) Hartford Post.

DARWIN says that the monkey can blush. He certainly ought to when he sees the way his descendants are cutting up.

Why are babies like new flannel? Be-